George Paul Csicsery

Memories of Sexual Violence

An Interview with Jennifer Montgomery

When art photographer Jock Sturges was arrested in 1990 in San Francisco and charged with taking lascivious pictures of nude children, the art world rallied to his defense. Once charges against Sturges were dropped, the furor died down. With *Art for Teachers of Children* in 1995, 34-year-old New York film-maker Jennifer Montgomery added a postscript with an unusual twist. Her contribution to the debate over pornography and censorship that was spurred by the Sturges arrest is richly original.

Made in black and white for a mere $35,000, *Art for Teachers of Children* is a deceptively simple-looking film that serves up a number of penetrating insights into some of the most troubling issues of American sexual politics. Montgomery seizes the high ground early by revealing that her film about an illicit liaison between a photographer and his underage student is based on her own adolescent relationship with Jock Sturges in the 1970s. Near the end of the film Montgomery includes nude photographs Sturges took of her, blending them into a montage with photos of the actress in the film.

The tale is a familiar one: a photography teacher and dorm counselor (played by artist Duncan Hannah) at an exclusive girls' boarding school seduces 14-year-old Jennifer (Caitlin Grace McDonnell). The seduction is initiated more by the bored and curious adolescent girl than by the sophisticated, sensitive adult. Nevertheless, the affair is doomed by the man's intellectual vapidity and emotional dishonesty.

The slow, minimalist unfolding of this colorless entanglement brings the couple to a peak of ennui, and the relationship collapses without drama. One expects the emotional damage suffered by the student to be the principal currency of the film, and it would be in the victim-dominated rape sagas of today's made-for-TV movies. Jennifer Montgomery is smarter than that; she establishes the girl's hurt, but then proceeds to deeper matters. Being a victim is only a part of the story, and perhaps not the most important part. Among the by-products of the stunted and disappointing relationship is Jennifer's enduring respect for good photography and great photographers. Years later, when asked by the F.B.I. to testify against her ex-lover in a child pornography case, she refuses to cooperate. For Jennifer, the law is too crude a mechanism for dealing with the emotional damage she suffered in the relationship. Life is more complex.

Jennifer Montgomery was interviewed in April 1995, following the screening of *Art for Teachers of*

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Children at the San Francisco International Film Festival. Despite criticism of its technical weakness, the film received relatively wide theatrical distribution and festival exhibition. Montgomery claimed that she never expected it to reach audiences beyond a limited art circuit, and that the film was primarily her way of working out some personal problems.

In a follow-up interview conducted by phone in May 1996, she talked about two new films in development, both radical departures from her previous work. One is based on the novel *Against the Grain* (*A Rebours*) by J.-K. Huysmans, the other on a *Playboy* magazine interview with Russian politician Vladimir Zhirinovsky.

A final phone conversation with Montgomery took place in early July 1996, a few days after she finished a four-day shoot for *Troika*, the film dramatizing Zhirinovsky's *Playboy* interview. The rest of this $40,000 feature film was to be shot later in July. As this interview goes to print, Montgomery is still editing.

Before becoming a film-maker, Montgomery earned a liberal arts degree at Wesleyan University and experimented with writing and painting. She moved to San Francisco in 1984 and worked as an activist with the Victoria Marcado Gay and Lesbian Brigade to Nicaragua: "We sent a brigade down with $10,000 for armaments," she said. She later concluded that she was "a pretty lame activist," and enrolled at the San Francisco Art Institute.

GEORGE PAUL CSICSERY: Was the San Francisco Art Institute where you got interested in making films?

JENNIFER MONTGOMERY: The day of registration my father was visiting me, and he had a Super-8 camera and 20 rolls of film. He'd always made arty home movies, and he had an attack of camera-itis that prompted him to hand the camera over to me. It was a literal handing-on of a medium.

I got caught up in the film scene at the Art Institute. I studied with George Kuchar and Keith Sanborn, Abigail Child, and then I met Peggy Ahwesh, who was visiting at the Art Institute. We hooked up and started making work together. I moved back to New York with her and went to the Whitney Independent Study Program to work with Yvonne Rainer; I made autobiographical Super-8 films in the New York experimental film scene and showed them in the New York Gay and Lesbian Experimental Film Festival.

Tell me more about the films.

The first one was called *Home Avenue*. It was a 17-minute documentation. I went with a friend to a gun shop in Middletown, Connecticut, where I was raped at gunpoint ten years earlier, and I reconstructed the event. It was a memory piece similar to *Art for Teachers of Children*.

I made the film in a week—shot it, hand-processed it, edited it—and then showed it at the end of the week. It brought me to the public, because a lot of people were interested in the way it dealt with memory and with sexual violence.

After that I made two other films. One, called *Age 12: Love with a Little L*, is a weird mishmash of autobiographical anecdotes, send-ups of psychoanalytic Lacanian theory, and animal pack behavior, because it was about adolescent sexuality and clique behavior among 12-year-old girls.

I, a Lamb was a takeoff on *The Silence of the Lambs* and issues of anthropomorphizing animals. I happened to make it during the Gulf War, so it was also about the military arm of the law and how the Gulf War was being represented to us. It's a film essay, and it's my favorite film, but it's the one people have the most problems with. It has different people speaking to the camera. One woman skins a deer leg and talks about slaughter. The writer Sarah Schulman talks about the night the Gulf War started. I had very little success with it.

Art for Teachers of Children is contiguous with all these other works. I wrote a treatment in 91, and didn't shoot it until 92. Then I had a six-month hiatus because I couldn't stand the footage. I put it away. I had no money. I started editing in 93, and finished it in 94. The first time I showed it was in Berlin.

How did you pick the subject?

At the time I was reading *In a Different Voice* by Carol Gilligan, which talks about what happens to girls when they hit age 12—they become conscious of their gender. I have a background in gender issues dating back to my college years. I also think that there is a contemporary interest in the formation of identity during those years, especially for women. The formation of your sense of your sexual identity and your gender happens around that time.

What's interesting is the way you present what used to be called sexual awakening in this character.

She's portrayed as a somnambulant character. She's slug-like, but then acts upon her life in ways that might surprise you. She's passive, but then takes ac-

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tion. I feel that's a very accurate representation of how adolescents formulate desire. On the other hand, it's not necessarily meant to be a sexual awakening, because the experience she has with this man isn't exactly . . . I mean, it's a sexual experience, but awakening is such a positive term.

You described it as a negative experience very successfully, but then I wondered if it's possible for anyone to go through adolescence and have their first sexual experiences be positive?

Duncan Hannah and Caitlin Grace McDonnell in *Art for Teachers of Children*

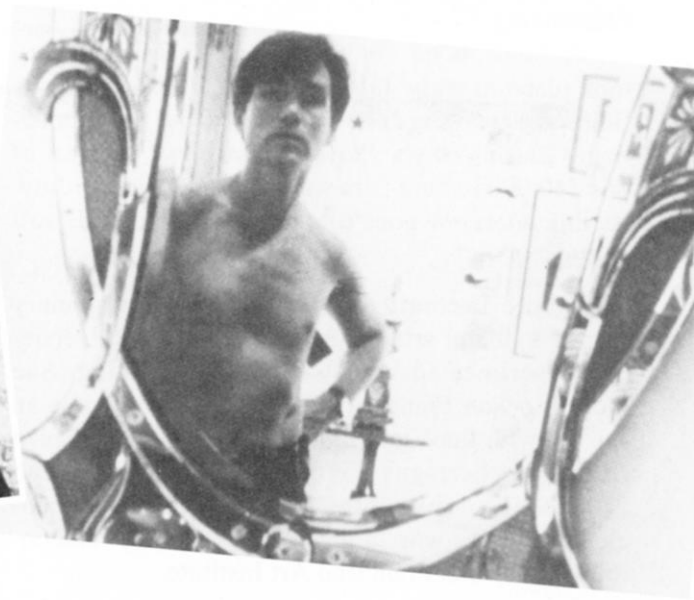
I've heard rumors—some people who waited until they were older, or had experiences with peers. But I don't know what the deal is. I don't think there's one deal for people. That was 1975, and we were under a lot of pressure: we went to boarding school; we were 15; and there was all this pressure to have sex. It was the 70s. There's a lot of pressure now.

Your heroine chooses her photography teacher as her first sex partner, and your treatment makes it quite clear that she's the initiator.

That's just what happened. I do think that happens a lot, and I am interested in the consensual aspect of these experiences. Albeit negative, they still often aren't as black and white as: Somebody seduced you and made you do things you didn't want to do. I wanted to play those things against each other. Here's this person who initiates sexual exchange with a man who knows he's at great risk, who's subject to the temptation because he's obviously got some kind of repetition compulsion about it in his own erotic world. She initiates this thing and goes along with it willingly, and yet has experiences within this consensual context that are psychically damaging. Consent does not mean that you can't be damaged by the people you fall in love with. We all know that.

Yet the film refuses to advance a victim thesis.

I think most victim theses are extremely reductive. I have experienced a lot of violence in my life, and whenever I've come even close to being put on the stand, I've had a horror of the way the law deals with victims. The American profile of the victim is modeled on the testimonials of people in talk shows. I dissociate around the idea of myself as a victim. It's not a desirable position. It's almost impossible to erase the concept of victimization, and it's very popular. I can't believe that healing can take place in this kind of testimonial context, where you go public with everything.



Duncan Hannah as John

Reliving is a popular format . . .

I've been through a lot of psychotherapy myself for a lot of reasons, not just because I had weird things happen to me, but because I was interested in the process. I believe in the talking cure, and film is a kind of talking cure, but it's a representation, it's about

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making art, and art always has to allow a different perspective. Allowing a different perspective into your story is part of the healing process.

I am not a great advocate of Twelve Step, but I happen to be involved with someone right now whose life it saved. I'm a great equivocator. I think the film is an accurate representation of my own equivocal feelings. Our society is very eager to place the label "victim" on people, but not really eager to understand the complexities that lie behind that. Our society has very little room for the individual's experience; it just wants to lump everybody together. But what society doesn't?

Duncan Hannah

There's a sullenness in the lead character of Art for Teachers of Children, *but also in the others. Does that reflect your experience? Just hearing you talk today tells me you were probably more effusive as an adolescent?*

One of the complaints that I would agree with is that this girl is much more passive than I was as a teenager. I was not sullen that way. I was pouty, but not so sullen. She's the 1990s version of the adolescent. There's also an idea about non-acting. I like her hazy weird spaciness. I felt it was very genuine in her as a person and wanted to embrace it as a way of letting in difference: This is not me; this is another representation of another kind of adolescent. Maybe then I can view these events from a third perspective.

How authentic is the vapidity of the art teacher?

Well, a lot of the discussions [in the film] are verbatim phrases pulled from letters or journal entries. But there's intentional vapidity, because I was interested in the kind of educational-film format—honed down, spare dialogue—which is often really stupid, because it's meant to pose really obvious ethical questions to students who are then forced to discuss the issues.

Did you want to emulate that format in some way?

Someone said, "Your film is way too low-tech for an educational film, because it's got a hand-held camera, and it's too all-over-the-place." But on the other hand, these characters are meant to just hold the place

Caitlin Grace
McDonnell as Jennifer

of people who might insert themselves into the roles and say, "Well, I wasn't exactly like that, but I can identify on some level." Also, I thought it was really funny. The things that these adult Lotharios say to their young students and lovers is in an amazingly bizarre language. And the language of the pedagogue talking to his protégées is hilarious. There are scenes in this film where the camera shakes because I was laughing so hard when I was filming.

Why didn't you use a tripod?

I don't know, I couldn't stand it. I never used a tripod with Super-8.

But a 16mm camera is heavier.

Yeah, I did a lot of damage. I had to see a chiropractor for six months. I think I would use a tripod the next time. I just wanted to hold on to the Super-8

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aesthetic, and to some notion of documentary. It was a thin notion, though. I know at points it's hard to handle, but now I really am glad, because if the camera is totally static, and the characters are totally static, and there is no crosscutting, it could be more than anyone could take. If there was no subjectivity of the cameraperson, no awareness of that cameraperson, I think it would have been a really different film.

There's a big gap with a lot of questions left unanswered between the first and the second parts of the film. You established that you felt violated, or damaged.

In the voice-over I say, "The damage he inflicted . . . " I was worried about being heavy-handed with the voice-over, so things got left out that might have filled in a lot of blanks, but I got tired of being accurate. There's a lot of hubris in the idea that you can be accurate. It's the same idea as the testimonial: you give everybody information, therefore they have an accurate picture. I don't think so; I don't believe in that.

The one thing missing that I think works in your favor is the absence of information on how the relationship really ended.

That's what I cut out.

Did you shoot it?

None of that's shot. It does say he would call every year on New Year's Day at my parents' house, and he would tell me what he was doing. And then I'd tell him how he'd damaged me and request a portfolio. It says, I lectured him on the ways he had inflicted damage and the vanity he had instilled, and I asked him if this was something he had done a lot. There are things I say in the film that reflect that I come back to him with a list of complaints. He conceded he had done the wrong thing and believed me when I assessed the damage. That is very accurate.

Originally I had a line about how he said he had heard of this great new singer, Laurie Anderson—this was during one of these weird calls I got on New Year's Day—and then he sang me the lyrics to "Oh Superman." Then I asked him not to call again, and he never did. I left that out.

There are sequences in which the lovers are enraptured by the famous photographs of great masters. How did this become a theme?

It's all out of the relationship, and just as important as the sex, if not more so. I think just as much psychic damage can be inflicted in the photographer-subject relationship, in the inculcation of high art, youth-obsessed aesthetics, regardless of whether sex actually takes place. I try to foreground the way that he teaches me, or her, about beauty and about art photography and the nude. The events described in the film are what happened. Weston, Stieglitz, Paul Strand were integral parts of my education. They were characters.

Your participation as a photo subject was a continuation of that work?

Right, but those portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe are great photographs, regardless of how contentious their relationship was. I also think that Edward Weston, who was pretty screwed up in his own way, was a great photographer. In the film I put the photographs next to the fake Jock Sturges photographs that I use of Caitlin. I just had pictures taken of her by a friend of mine. They were very loosely based on photographs of me. Obviously, he [Sturges] is the better photographer.

But you also used real Sturges photographs in the film.

Yes, at the end there are photographs of me that have never been published, but then the voice-over says these are not of me anymore. That reflects on chemical molecular changes, but it's also meant to be a trope around the artificiality, the simulation, of the character in these fake photographs.

The whole film is about a fake teenager who turns into a fake adult. She's obviously just the same old pouty character as an adult. These are fake Jock Sturges pictures, and then there are the real pictures of me, but that's a fake me because I'm not that person anymore. And that's the whole idea of the film: it's a fake documentary; it's about fake secrecy. It's really important to me that it's all transparent, all totally coy. It's about what happens when you keep secrets, because they're all transparent anyhow. Things will come out one way or another, and just because they come out doesn't mean they are true.

Is the film version of your conversations with the F.B.I. about Jock Sturges accurate?

The F.B.I. said at the end, "Well, you'll be hearing from us, because you're going to have to testify whether you like it or not." I went to an A.C.L.U. lawyer and he said, "They're never going to subpoena

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you because you won't testify in their interest." There may have been other people who were also unwilling to testify. He has a lot of subjects in his photographs. And then all these arts groups rushed to his defense, he had a great lawyer, and the case was dropped. It was a very thin case to begin with, and it ended with a whimper. That was another thing I cut out. There was no closure on this for me. Why should there be closure for my audience? I never heard from them [the F.B.I.] again, and I was left with these weird residual feelings, so the best way to communicate that is to leave things open.

Do you know if Jock Sturges has seen your film?

I don't know. I'm not in touch with him. Someone who knows his wife told me that she has seen it, so I imagine he has. But I never heard anything official; my lawyer was never contacted, I was never contacted, and neither was Zeitgeist, my distributor. It would be inconceivable to me that this man didn't see the film. He would have to have his head in the sand.

You depict him as someone concerned, sincere, helpful, and your treatment turns that part of him into a parody, making him even more shallow.

Well, he was a hired advisor to a number of students. He was our dorm head. But he also, in a way that many people are in boarding schools, was a self-appointed advisor. A lot of these students had really heavy things going on in their lives and needed attention. He saw himself—and he did have some background in psychology—as being capable of working with this very heavy material. At the beginning, he took pictures of us and he performed an important service. We needed to know that we existed. There was this sense of uncertainty about who we were. But he was self-appointed, and got in very deep with a number of students, not just girls.

I was interested in an examination of certain kinds of privilege—the privileged environments of both the boarding school and the artist colony, and the ways that those institutions sequester people. There's also the privilege of this man's background and his (accurate) notion of himself as a member of the aristocracy.

The artist colony scene is a good exposé of hubris in the art world.

Yeah, hubris in the art world made to parallel the preppy aristocratic school setting, which has the hubris to see itself as capable of handling what are often inflammatory situations, and takes the law into its own hands. It's not unlike colleges that, rather than report a campus rape to the police, will try and deal with it internally. That's hubris too. And on top of that you have the institution of the F.B.I., and its mechanisms.

Then there's the hubris of the art world itself. People like David Wojnarowicz and Robert Mapplethorpe and Holly Hughes and Jock Sturges are lumped into this weird vat. The art world has ways of differentiating people—so-called great artists—when their work does, perhaps, have pornographic elements.

What's happened to the film, and how do you see it now, almost a year later?

I got a Guggenheim to work on my next project, and I know that was an outgrowth of the film. I traveled all over the world to film festivals with it.

This film is still perceived by at least some faction of the independent film scene as incompetent. No matter how many art people tell others that they think it's an important film, someone's going to say, "Well, what about the jerky camerawork?" I've gotten panned a few times. The people in more mainstream film venues will say, "This isn't well done."

Is the technical sophistication, or lack of it, the main thrust of the criticism?

There are two arms of criticism; one is that, and it's linked to the idea of bad acting, also. We should all want a certain kind of good acting, we should all want a certain kind of good camerawork. Anybody who falls off the boat with that is doing it because they can't do the real thing.

I made specific aesthetic choices. I felt that that lumpen aesthetic was appropriate, partly because it's intended to not serve up the expected gratifications.

The other arm of criticism comes from audience members who get upset because the film doesn't condemn someone they see as a rapist and a pornographer. I explain that I think it's a much more complicated question than that. People, no matter how much they see the film, still want an answer, and they don't see the film as my response. They see it as just raising more questions.

That's the recovery movement attack.

Exactly. Why can't you give us a black-and-white answer, yea or nay? Or, do you not think this man is a criminal, and shouldn't he be in jail?

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Where did the idea for your new film, Troika, *come from?*

It's an outgrowth of going to Russia. From May until fall 1995 I was traveling with *Art* . . . and went to Russia with this woman I was involved with at the time.

Troika has two interwoven narratives. One is an interview with Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Before I went to Russia, I read an interview with him by Jennifer Gould in *Playboy* magazine. It was an amazing interview, because in the course of it he tries to force this woman and the translator to have sex with him and his thugs. I became obsessed with making a film about this.

Here's this interviewer speaking English, and then Zhirinovsky speaking Russian. And there's this 18-year-old Russian girl who translates everything he says. In effect, the girl is the mouthpiece for this bombastic Russian man who says disgusting things.

He wants to have sex with the interpreter, Masha, and he makes comments about how she's a real woman versus this Jennifer Gould character, who, he says, is a defeminized woman because she's working.

The last time we spoke you said you would call the film Homosexuality Is the Sputnik of Human History. *Why did you change it to* Troika*?*

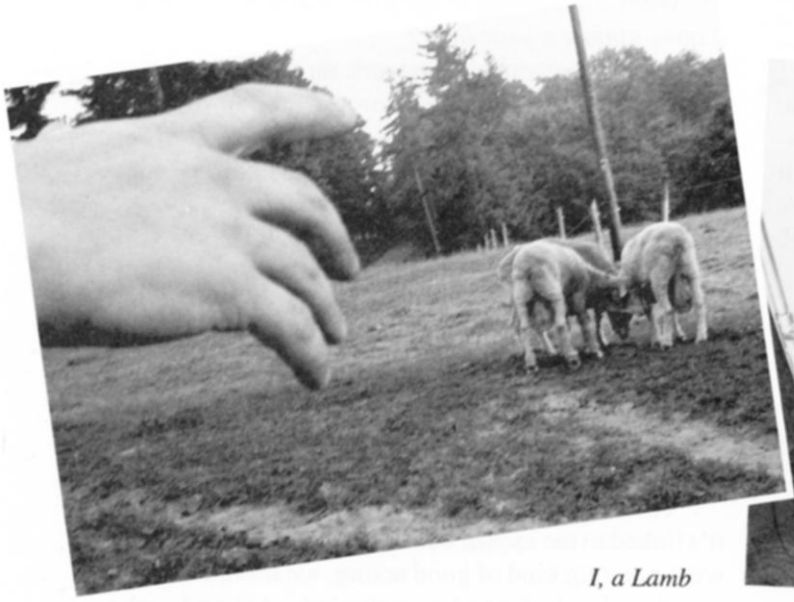
I'm calling the film *Troika* because it's a triangular scene between an interviewer, her translator, and Zhirinovsky, who are all stuck on this boat together. A lot of great films that take place on boats are about triangles, usually involving two men and a woman; just think about *Dead Calm*. I think I might use the sputnik statement by Zhirinovsky as an intertitle in the film.

In Russian, sputnik means traveling companion, or constant companion. When Zhirinovsky says homosexuality is the sputnik of human history, it means that it's the companion to human history. Two seconds later he goes on to say we should wipe homosexuals off the face of the earth.

I wanted to adapt that interview, but then also to interweave it with a narrative about a lesbian relationship. I actually went to Russia with this woman I was with, and our relationship fell apart in Russia. And there was this constant threat of violence; it spun out of control. In the film, it is a sputnik to the interview with Zhirinovsky. One of the women becomes a kind of Zhirinovsky character, full of bombast.

Did you shoot the interview just as it appeared in Playboy*?*

Pretty much, but I edited it down, and it has this weird non-narrative slant to it, because the two stories don't develop in a typical narrative fashion, but are meant to play off each other. It's less complicated.



I, a Lamb

A thug (Vitali Baganov) in *Troika*

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Since my last film I learned about parallel cutting.

Are there other stylistic changes from your last film?

It's in color. There are a lot of similarities actually, because some of the situations have an interview feeling to them—of people being set up somewhere, and a reenactment feeling. This one is more of a spin on Russian propaganda films, but it also has that docudrama aspect. My original interest was the idea of reenactment, and things being clearly fake. That's why I decided to shoot on the Connecticut River. But it's a reconstitution of a linguistic situation: an interview mediated by a journalist, translated into English, printed in *Playboy*, then removed from *Playboy*, translated back into Russian, then filmed as a reconstitution of something that's been filtered through somebody's brain.

I shot for four days on a yacht on the Connecticut River. It was a bizarre culture clash between Connecticut shoreline maritime culture and Russians. It was probably the best shoot I've ever done. There was a Slavic Warholian feeling on the set—a yacht called the Xanadu that we renamed the Alexander Pushkin. The yacht's owner, who lives on it, is the main distributor of Cabbage Patch Dolls in the U.S., so there were Cabbage Patch Dolls all over the place. I grew up in Connecticut, and the cult of the cute there is an obsession for me, and I wanted that as the backdrop. We did add some odd Russian props.

How is it going to be a spin on Russian propaganda films?

A friend covered the elections in Russia, and he shot Super-8 footage for me that's going to be cut in with this. I wanted him to film Zhirinovsky propaganda and election posters in Moscow, and scenes of the canals and the Volga River itself.

We also incorporated scenes of the actors watching footage of the actual Russian election coverage. *[The 1996 Russian presidential election runoff campaign took place while Montgomery was shooting on the Connecticut River.—G.P.C.]*

On the set of *Troika*: Lev Shekhtman (Zhirinovsky) and Marina Shterenberg (Masha)

Shekhtman, Shterenberg, and Jenny Bass (Jenny Gould)

Are you going to shoot some more?

I'm shooting the parallel narrative of a triangulated relationship between the journalist, the interviewer, and another woman in Manhattan. It's a grounding device for the film, because the interview itself is the majority of the film. And some of the language from the interview is going to be spoken by the characters in this relationship.

How did you cast the film?

I tend to cast on instinct, and I found somebody who is perfect for the most important role—the trans-

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lator. She is a young Russian girl who was a student of mine, Marina Shterenberg. She's translated the whole thing for us.

Zhirinovsky is played by Lev Shekhtman. The interviewer is Jenny Bass. The original interviewer in the *Playboy* interview was Jennifer Gould, a Canadian. I ended up with a Russian cinematographer from St. Petersburg, and all these Russian thug types who play Zhirinovsky's Falcons.

Is the film in English?

It's in Russian with a translator translating everything. When Zhirinovsky speaks with the translator it's in Russian, and when she either refuses to translate, or does so inaccurately, there are subtitles. And in the other part of the film, which is in English, there will be Russian subtitles.

A lot of it is about language. The language is peculiar. Zhirinovsky plays on words in weird ways: when talking about rape, he says that in Russian rape and coitus are the same word: " . . . and I mean rape in a good way." I got fascinated by the way he speaks Russian. His language is very bizarre; he holds a lot of fascination for Russians in New York. The men on the shoot were just obsessed with him.

What is your other project?

It is a feature film adaptation of a cult classic called *A Rebours*. It's translated as *Against the Grain*, or *Against Nature*, and is a late-19th-century decadent classic novel about a dandy living in Parisian society. He's a misanthrope, and loathes all things natural. He decides to sever his ties with society, moves to a hermetically sealed abode in the suburbs of Paris, and becomes completely dedicated to simulacra. Everything in the home is against the grain of Nature. The book is an encyclopedia of a disordering of the senses. He goes through the different art forms—poetry, painting, music—and becomes obsessed with turning Nature on her head in very refined ways.

Eventually he starts to suffer from a mysterious neurasthenic illness. He can't eat, and starts taking all his nourishment through enemas. He gets really sick to a point where he can't function. The doctor comes and says, "If you want to survive you have to rejoin society." So he has to pack up this strange experiment and move back to Paris. It's about his loathing for everything and his obsession with perfection. The story influenced Oscar Wilde a lot.

It's a late-19th-century book that I think reverberates at the end of the 20th century, especially in relation to the malaise of the end of the century and the obsession with simulation. Also, he has a problematic relationship to his body. To this guy—a misogynist—Nature and women are one and the same thing. He details his relations with women. I think both this film and the Zhirinovsky film are all about misogynists—very extreme characters.

I saw Todd Haynes' *Safe* recently; it's about a woman who has an environmental illness and has to withdraw from society in order to continue to live. And this film is about someone who withdraws from society and develops an array of symptoms from severing his ties with it. His punishment and his cure is to have to be a member of society.

How are you treating it?

I'm working with an artist friend, who I think is really brilliant. Her name is Clare Pentacost. We're going to do it in a way that's not period accurate. We're reading a lot about dandies, and also about the dandyism of the 60s. The consumer culture—like catalogues and mail order and the Home Shopping Network—will get thrown into 19th-century settings. It's a hard project to explain, because it's a cult book that visual artists get obssessed with. It doesn't have much narrative; it's a series of strange vignettes.

So this would complete a trilogy about misogyny, or about the escalation of misogyny? The common theme among this film, Troika, *and* Art for Teachers of Children *does seem to be misogyny.*

I realized that was what drew me to both of the new projects—not that they're a trilogy with the other film, which is so much my own story, but that there's the idea of a subversive depiction of misogyny. I would rather put it on the screen and see what it looks like.

And it gets me out of my own story, because I do tend to work in this autobiographical mode, and I've gotten sick of it. I feel like I'm finally putting *Art for Teachers of Children* to bed.

■ George Paul Csicsery is a film-maker who is currently completing a documentary about a child molestation case; among his previous 16 films are *Where the Heart Roams* (1987) and *N Is a Number: A Portrait of Paul Erdos* (1993).

Art for Teachers of Children is distributed by Zeitgeist Films; the short films *Age 12: Love with a Little L* and *Home Avenue* are distributed by Women Make Movies (both in New York City). *I, a Lamb* is self-distributed.

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